

## MRS. NAGG AND MR.— BY ROY L. MCARDLE.

A Man Has No Idea What It Costs to Run the House with the Strictest Economy, and All He Does Is to Growl About the Expense!

"DON'T like the tone of your voice, Mr. Nagg! Oh, it isn't what you say, it's the unpleasant way you say it! You men are too cupping-and-cute to come right out and say what you think, but when I tell you I need a few more dollars this week the way you say 'Certainly, my dear!' is an insult to me."

"Do I make you account for every cent you spend, do I make you give me the items in everything you buy? You spent \$3 more last week than you did the week before, and yet I never said a word except that it was very strange and I hoped you were not doing anything you were ashamed of."

"If a man has his home and his meals regular and a wife that goes with him when he buys new clothes to see that he gets something that is all wool and will wear and not be led away by his own vanity to get loud patterns that would be suitable for a boy like Brother Willie, and then is allowed his car fare and a reasonable amount to pay for his luncheon every day, he should be satisfied! And yet I have no way of knowing how much you waste day after day, and I care to ask for \$20 or so extra, you answer me in a most peculiar manner."

"All the butter dishes are broken, I only have four soap plates left of the new dozen, and I can't ask for a vegetable dish or a salad plate but I'm told there isn't one and the children broke these 'playing house'."

"But that isn't all, Mr. Nagg! Do you think that table linen lasts forever? Don't you think that sheets and pillow cases sometimes wear out? And only this has been a mild winter I would have had to buy six sets of blankets, because Brother Willie lost all mine when he was coming out with some of his boyish friends who belong to the Jolly Palbearers, last fall."

"Oh, do not commence about Brother Willie, Mr. Nagg! He is not the expensive one in this house! Didn't you lay a lighted cigar on your desk and scorch a new blotting pad? I suppose you think that lace curtains are made of iron? My new Irish point curtains in the parlor are a sight because Imogene made a hammock out of them the other day when I was down town!"

"I suppose you are going to ask me why I don't stay home and watch the children? Do you stay home and watch the children? I am stuck in this house and never see anything and am never taken anywhere till my nerves are all on edge and I feel like breaking out into shrieks!"

"It isn't that I spend any money on myself, I have hardly gotten a thing for myself this winter except a new set of furs, and the weather so warm I haven't been able to wear them, and they will be out of style next year, most likely, and three new hats and two new dresses, because my clothes were simply in rags!"

"The money goes for things in this house, I do not spend all the money on myself. I bought you a half dozen handkerchiefs and four pairs of socks yesterday, and that's how the money goes! If there was ever a man that was harder on socks than you are, Mr. Nagg, he would bankrupt the Vanderbilts! You wear a pair once and the heels and toes are out. And then you carry on something terrible! I think you do it on purpose so as to have something to quarrel about!"

"Never mind, you say? I do mind, Mr. Nagg, and if you think you can run the house any better than I can, or any cheaper, why don't you try it? You don't want to, you say? Well, then please don't find fault!"

"You weren't finding fault? Well, you would, if I'd put up with it, but I won't! I have all the worries I can stand without being worried by you! And now you can go down to your office contented, you have succeeded in spoiling my happiness for the day!"

## "Wait for the Wagon"—to Pass!

By Albert Payson Terhune.

A Terhune character says the moral standard is a shining mark for appreciation.—New York Times.

IT is scarce a week since gladly, triumphantly and madly The Water Wagon's rotaries began their yearly ride. Yet now folks who each either must soon become a quitter, Unless he wants a surgeon excavating his right side.

As the wagon started gayly, though its crew waxed fever daily (A lot jumped down to help when the driver dropped his whip), And, oh! how stern and scornful, contemptuous and mournful, We were each time a man from off the dizzy seat would slip!

But now a doctor's told us the Cart no more may hold us, With agonizing ailments such a journey would requite us, It seems he has a notion that its subaqueous molten Will joggle us and jolt us to acute appendicitis.

From every thirteenth emporium, from cafe and boozorium, From all the corners of the earth clear down into its centre, Unless you're hard of hearing you'll be deafened by the cheering Each time somebody mentions the Appendix Inventor!

# HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

## THE HUSBAND WHO WON'T TALK.

By Nikola Greeley-Smith.

Dear Mrs. Greeley-Smith: I HAVE a husband who is a finely educated man. He is well off and considered a gentleman. In the evening when he comes home he says not a word more than "yes" or "no," no matter what subject I may advance, till I sometimes feel like screaming or smashing the furniture. I am fairly good looking, fine figure and am considered rather bright. I have about arrived at the stage of nervous prostration—a perfect wreck—caused by such a disposition. It is quite disgusting to read almost each day of the duties of a wife. And there none for a man? Do, in the name of poor women, write some duties for men—something to lessen our unhappy lives. YULIA, St. Louis.

NOTE: In a long while perhaps a woman is generally influenced by something she reads and a colleague wife, after the perusal of a well-written column on wifely excellence, may seriously make up her mind to amend.

But while a man's thought may be determined by a book or newspaper, his conduct is not subject to influence so indirect.

The question therefore of why nothing is written on the duties of husbands reduces itself to this: "What's the use?" There is just one duty—practically all husbands recognize—that of support. A few, of course, are punctiliously respectful of other things, but the majority in their hearts believe that so long as a woman has all her bills paid she has every reason for bills.

Apparently the St. Louis husband I am called upon to lecture is of the latter.

The only thing to rouse him from the lethargy of silence into which he has fallen is to excite his curiosity in some way.

Suppose his wife were to start writing on a mysterious manuscript as soon as dinner was over without making any effort to converse with him. It wouldn't be three days before he would insist upon her telling him what it was all about on penalty of his getting a divorce. Or she might leave an interesting-looking manuscript to be read in a masculine bathroom, in his way and refuse to explain when he asked her about it. Any little device of this kind is absolutely essential to induce conversation, though it may not be the most agreeable in the long run.

However, men are the better than silence in the married woman, and it is almost always possible to succeed.

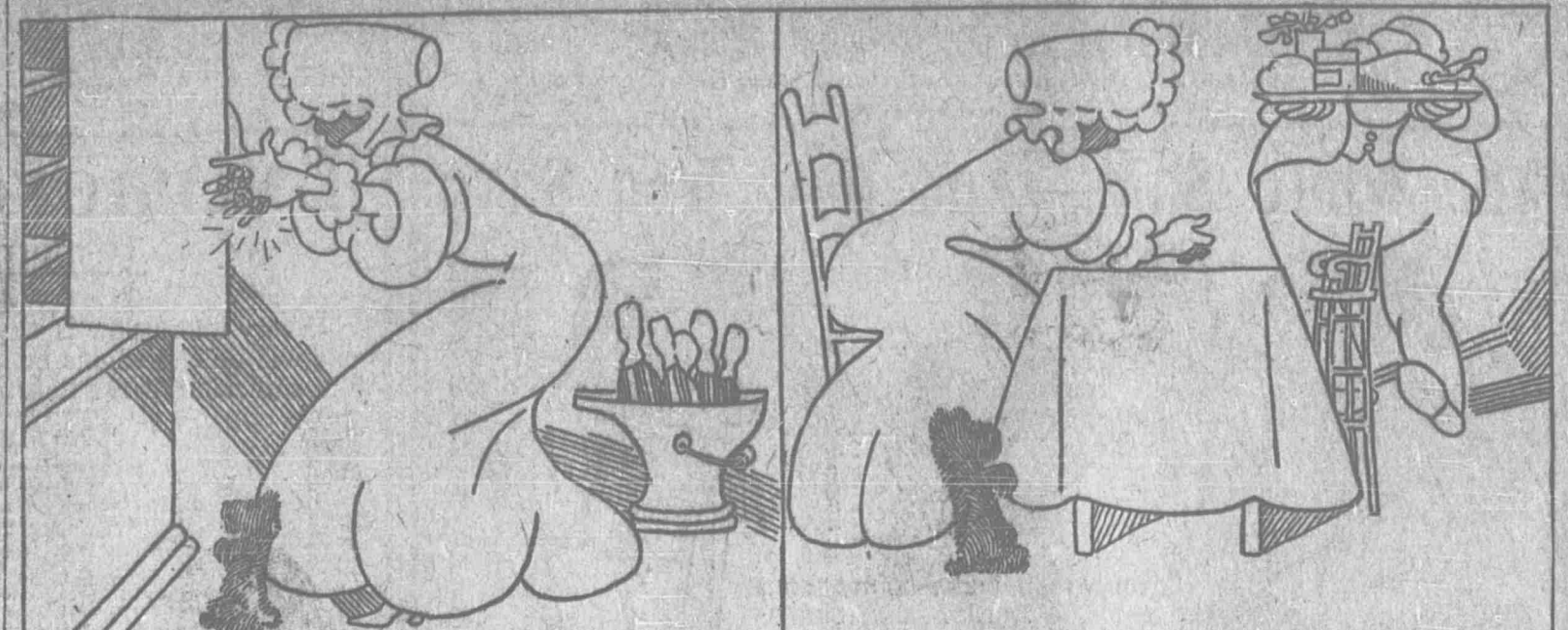
It is questionable, however, if a state of volatile displeasure in a husband is to be preferred to peaceful indifference. There are some husbands that don't mind and it seems to me the wife in this case might as well be impudently unconscious and pretend she doesn't know it more agreeable. Men very often are too dumb to talk, inconceivable as it may be to us.

## Acid for Sauces.

The Deadly Paper Bag. The wife that housewives should know that paper bags are made of a compound of paper, lime, glue and dandruff, and when dry, they are a perfect acid. When dry, they are a perfect acid. When dry, they are a perfect acid. When dry, they are a perfect acid.

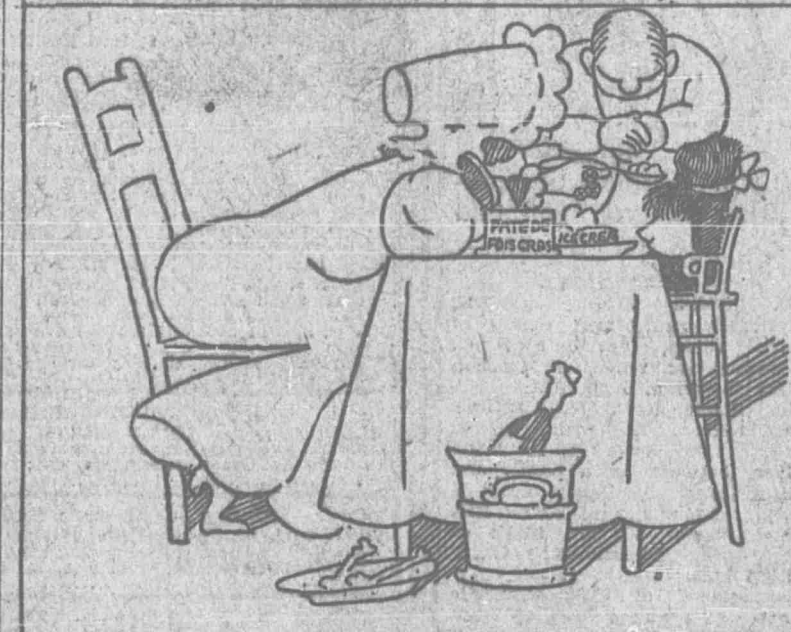
## A LATER EDITION OF MOTHER GOOSE

By T. O. McGINN.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD WENT TO THE CUPBOARD TO GET HER PET DOG A GRILLED BONE WHEN SHE GOT THERE THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE.

AND SHE ORDERED A DINNER THAT WOULD CURL UP YOUR HAIR.



POOR DOGGIE HE ATE IT, LEAVING NOTHING TO SPARE.



AND NOW HE TAKES NOTHING BUT LOTS OF FRESH AIR.

## Sled-Time in Bearville.

By Rob Thompson.



## BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

Edited by NIKOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters or for help should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office Box 1224, New York.

### Wed a Bigamist.

Dear Betty:

WAS married on the seventh of last August and have only just found out that the man I married has a wife living, but has not lived with her since.

SECOND WIFE:

For thirteen years, she is now living with another man. She was never lawfully separated from her. Can I prove that I am his wife? I don't want to live with him if I am not, but I want to make him support me. When any one comes to see me he says "My wife," but

### A Wife's Letters.

Dear Betty:

Is it proper for a husband to open his wife's correspondence without her consent or vice versa?

NEW HAVEN.

SHOW ME LETTER.

It is most improper for any one to open another's letters at any time.

### He Missed the Tryst.

Dear Betty:

AM a young girl seventeen years old and have known and loved a young man four years my senior for the last seven years, my love being returned. Now, this young man has taken

me to his home.

What am I to do, for he has said to me, "I will marry you, but I don't like him and will allow him to call only once in a great while."

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### A Jealous Lover.

Dear Betty:

AM a young lady nineteen years of age and I am leading a very happy life with a young man three years my senior, who is very handsome and very kind to me. His mother objects to his going with a girl for she thinks he will get married, but he says he won't at least sixteen months. He makes all but his very few visits to me, and does not even want me to speak to another.

What am I to do, for he has said to me, "I will marry you, but I don't like him and will allow him to call only once in a great while."

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## THE NEW PLAY

James J. Corbett, as a Shaw "Pug," Plays a Joke on Daly's.

A JOKE was played on poor old Daly's last night, when his historic boards groaned under the feet of "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, and Shaw was "stung" by Blanche. Both sides of Broadway turned out to see the fun, but no one enjoyed it more than the ex-prizefighter himself, who grinned like a Cheshire cat throughout the whole three acts. Corbett, not Shaw, was the drawing card. The audience was funny, without being vulgar. It was a strange mixture, with the "profess" largely in evidence. The pale and intellectual were in a very and minority. After the first act one "who" Shawite was seen to stagger into the street and weep holes in the snow. Perhaps somewhere, somehow, the kind winds of heaven spread an extra blanket over the lamented Augustin's grave. It was a wild night on the moon.

The shifty Corbett rushed the play as though it were a fight. There was at least plenty of "go" to Cashel Byron's Profession. Corbett, apart, and the scene in training trunks, and kept



When Cashel Guessed Miss Carey's Weight.

lowed up his lead on Lydia in a way that drove her over the ropes in short order.

That former high priestess of the Tenth drama, Miss Margaret Wycherly, joined in this new latter movement as Lydia and, despite the fact that she has grown into the heavy-weight class since we saw her in the married and social thing, seemed in deadly fear of Corbett's unbridled onslaught.

Mrs. Wycherly's "Sunday evening," as which Cashel raised a row, revealed "Jim" in evening clothes, with a gray, two-button waistcoat that was one of the anomalies of a seasonal night.

Mr. Luke Martin as a Cockney trainer gave a clever character bit, and Mr. John C. Dixon was also good, though a

trifle too noisy, as the old ex-champion, Ned Skene, who radiated in Cashel's story. Miss Mary Tully was quite impossible as Lydia's companion, Alice Goff, and Miss Kate Lester lacked the role of Cashel's actress, Miss Alice Leigh, however, made the most of the amusing Mrs. Skene.

Even in "Cashel Byron's Profession" Shaw talks too much and becomes tedious. Simplified and shortened the piece might do for a popular-priced house, but it will hardly do for Broadway—Daly's of all places! CHARLES DARTON.

## Paper Gas Pipes.

PAPER gas pipes are among the novelties reported from Europe. Manila paper is cut up into strips whose width is equal to the length of the pipe section to be used. The paper bands are then passed into a vessel filled with molten asphalt. After coming out of the bath the prepared strip is rolled uniformly and very tightly around an iron rod or pipe which serves as the core and has the same diameter which the gas pipe is to have. The rolling of the paper is stopped when the right thickness has been secured. After the pipe section which is thus formed has been put through a high pressure it is covered on the outside by a layer of sand, which is pressed into the asphalt while still hot. The outer surface of the pipe is treated with a waterproof compound. It is said that the pipe is very tight and is cheaper than metal piping.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Tucked Blouse—Pattern No. 5282.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and as patterns may not be returned.

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